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THE BYSTANDER
August 21, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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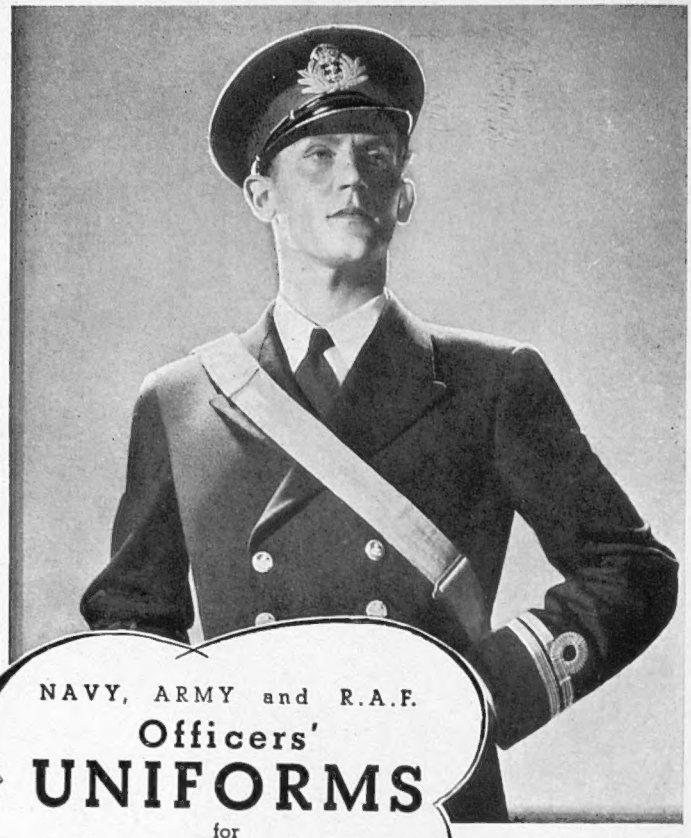

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The BYSTANDER in Wartime

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The Bystander

Oh, Listen to the Band: Lunchtime on Tower Hill

The call for more music and especially more martial music to send us swinging back to our work and to keep our spirits high has been answered in many ways. Myra Hess at the National Gallery, Sir Henry Wood once more at the Queen's Hall, the L.P.O. touring the halls, concerts during rest periods in factories, all do their bit. But perhaps the most popular brainwave of all has been the sending of bands of the Brigade of Guards to London's public places. Every Thursday in Trafalgar Square (at a time arranged so as not to overwhelm the softer neighbouring strains of the National Gallery concert), every Friday on Tower Hill, these fine bands discourse music, military and theatrical, to an appreciative throng, some pausing just long enough to pick up the step and tread more gaily on, others, like these two lorry-drivers on Tower Hill, staying to relax briefly and be refreshed

Introduction of Princess Alexandra to Major-General P. J. Montague, senior officer at Canadian Military Headquarters, was watched over by her father, while Lady Astor, who accompanied the party, looked after Prince Edward

Flashlights used by Lieut. Larry Aurdrain (late of "Life"), official photographer to the Canadian Forces in this country, fascinated Prince Edward, and he took a hand at snapping his father

Visiting the Wounded

The Duke of Kent and His Children at a Canadian Military Hospital

Twice within a week the staff and patients of the 5th Canadian General Military Hospital, which has been built and equipped by the Canadian Red Cross on a beautiful site in the Home Counties, has been honoured by visits from members of the Royal Family. The visitors included young members, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose going over with the Queen, and Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra accompanying Group Capt. the Duke of Kent, their father, when he made an informal inspection of the hospital a week ago. An air-raid warning lasting twenty minutes sent the staff and 200 patients (most of them illness or accident cases, though there are four who were wounded in a recent raid) down to the shelters during the inspection

Face *made by Prince Edward expressed his disgust at being made to be photographee rather than photographer when the Duke of Kent posed for the cameras in a group of Canadian nurses who have come over to look after their wounded compatriots*

Princess Elizabeth Learns Geography

Princess Margaret Paints a Picture

The Princesses in the Schoolroom

To-day, August 21st, Princess Margaret begins a new stage in her life: that is, it 's her birthday and she can now count her age in double figures, being ten years old. These photographs of her and her fourteen-year-old sister were taken in the big, light room overlooking the trees of Windsor Park, where, dressed in twin cotton frocks, they do their lessons. Above, on a shiny, round table, Princess Elizabeth is writing out her geography exercise with a revolving map beside her, while Princess Margaret, in an overall, is busy with a couple of paint-boxes. On the right they pose by the window with a book and their Corgi. All three pictures will appear soon in *Our Princesses at Home*, a book of photographs by Studio Lisa which is to be published in aid of the Red Cross Fund

***Ambassador** of the United States, popular Joseph Kennedy paid a visit last week to the headquarters of the R.A.F. Coastal Command, which makes extensive use of the Lockheed "Hudson" aircraft built in his country. He was greeted by the A.O.C.-in-C., Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, who thanked him for the way the United States is constantly pressing forward with the supply of these invaluable machines. In this group are Air Vice-Marshal F. G. D. Hards, Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Bromet, Air Commodore R. L. G. Marix, Mr. Kennedy, Captain C. W. L. Meynell, R.N., Lady Bowhill, Colonel Martin F. Scanlon (U.S. Assistant Military Attaché), Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, his personal assistant, and Lieut. W. Francis, 60th Rifles*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

It is, I think, a mistake to count the losses in air battles by the number of machines brought down. In these days of intensive mass-production, aeroplanes can be turned out in great numbers every day. Expert crews take months to train, and it would be a much better indication to reckon the battles in casualties to man-power rather than to machines. For example, on August 13th, the R.A.F. shot down 78 German aeroplanes, and themselves lost 13. That sounds impressive enough; but when you reckon that at least 35 of the German 'planes were bombers, each with a crew of at least 4, then you get a minimum loss in man-power of about 200. Of our 13 'planes shot down, 10 pilots were saved, and so our losses in man-power were 3.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was wise to make his concession on the tax on books and newspapers. The hour of the blackout comes more and more painfully back towards the afternoon, and, during the winter, entertainment of some kind or another will be of very great importance. The proposal to tax books should never have been made, but at least the Chancellor has changed his mind in time.

A German News Agency has suggested that the people of Britain are terrified at the prospect that a German Army may suddenly pop up out of a tunnel at Dover. The Agency does not actually say that such a tunnel is being made, but it says that Dr. Todt, who built the Siegfried Line, could certainly knock up such a tunnel whenever he wanted to. In the old days, when Goschen was opposing the building of a Channel tunnel, he declared, "if there had been a tunnel in Napoleon's time, he wouldn't have died at St. Helena." To which someone retorted: "No, he would have died in the tunnel."

It is rather ironical that volunteers from the International Brigade which fought in Spain in the Civil War should now be officially employed by the authorities, teaching the British Army how to deal with tanks. It is not so long ago that a certain British Government had not much use for the International Brigade. It might even be said that it was a certain British Government which afforded the Brigade its opportunity of learning how to fight against tanks by allowing tanks to arrive in Spain to be fought against. So all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Isn't it? Or isn't it?

It seems extraordinary that enormous road and bridge schemes are being carried out on the Great North Road between Borough Bridge and Catterick, needing a large amount of steel, timber, concrete, tar, and excavating plant, and, also, the labour of skilled excavators. Sir John Reith, the Minister of Transport, thinks that this work ought to go on. But if there is such a plentiful supply of excavating machines, why have land-drainage excavators been requisitioned in many parts of the country for digging trenches and anti-tank traps? And have enough trenches and anti-tank traps been dug already?

At last something is being done about that horde of public officials who leave important secret documents in trains and in open motor-cars and on seats in the Park. In the past, if the documents were found by the beautiful

(*Continued on page 230*)

***Sportsmen** in the R.A.F. include Len Harvey, world cruiser-weight boxing champion, and A. W. Stollery, trainer of Chelsea Football Club and England teams. They are together at a training station in the Midlands, to which Harvey has recently been appointed on being commissioned as a pilot officer, after serving since the outbreak as a sergeant instructor*

The crew *consisted of Captain R. Rotherham (second pilot), Captain E. R. B. White (navigator), Captain Kelly Rogers (first pilot), J. Burgess and C. E. Willcockson (radio operators). Captain Rogers has already this year flown Clare's sister ship, Clyde, when he brought her back from Malta the day after Italy declared war, with Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham aboard. He also flew the Caribou across the Atlantic on the first experimental flight last year. Captain White set up a record four years ago by flying 3000 miles in 36 hours — London-Marseilles-Brindisi, and back*

Clare *landed on home waters an hour ahead of schedule, 12 hours and 20 minutes after she left Montreal, and a week after she took off from the same waters for Foynes and Montreal and New York. In New York, according to Captain Rogers, the Clare was so well guarded that even the crew had difficulty in getting aboard her. She took air mail and some freight each way and brought back six passengers. Four days later she again crossed the Atlantic westwards*

Clare Home

To Montreal, New York, and Back in a Week

First of a series of round trips between Britain, Canada and the United States was made by the flying-boat Clare between August 3rd and 10th. This British Overseas Airways service follows the experimental flights made last year, and is expected to run for some weeks, until autumn weather conditions set in. The Clare and the Clyde, strengthened Empire flying-boats, will share the service between them. On her return trip Clare brought to the Lord Mayor of London a goodwill message from Mr. La Guardia, Mayor of New York, after whom New York's new airport has been named

Passengers *included four Californians, F. W. O'Hanlon, S. W. Moraga, L. S. King, and A. A. Crane. All have been flying instructors, all have flown more than 2000 hours, all are to be civilian ferry pilots over here*

Publicity *was a special concern of Mr. Frank Pick when he was vice-chairman of London Transport, and the striking posters he commissioned from young artists to advertise the charms of Underground travel were both an encouragement to British artists and a delight to travellers. Now as Director-General of the Ministry of Information in succession to Sir Kenneth Lee he will be able to combine his special interest with the welding of the Bloomsbury hotch-potch into a businesslike organisation, a task for which his previous experience admirably equips him*

Toothpicks *or cami-knickers may be potential war-winners if they are for export and gaining us the foreign exchange with which to shop for munitions in the markets of the world. Here Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, Secretary to the Department of Overseas Trade and vice-Chairman of the Export Council, inspects posters (hardly of a type to suit Mr. Pick's more striking ideas) designed to impress factory workers that the apparently inessential things some of them are making are ultimately no less vital than shells. Mr. Johnstone took his seat in Parliament last week as Member for Middlesbrough West. He is a former Liberal Whip and was chairman of the Liberal Organisation Committee*

Passing Hour

(Continued from page 228)

Polish countess, of course they went direct to Berlin by carrier-pigeon. But if they were found by an honest citizen, they were taken to the Lost Property Office and reclaimed by the official who lost them on payment of a shilling or two. Thus, for a mere half-sovereign, a Civil Servant could lose the plans of Gibraltar five days a week, and no one would be a penny the wiser. Now the Government is asking the Railway Companies to send the weekly vanloads of these attaché-cases and portfolios to the nearest police station, so that action may be taken.

LAST week I made an appeal in this page for money for the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund, and I make no apologies for repeating it this week. This Fund is the only organisation for providing light reading and indoor games, musical instruments, gramophones and records, and such things, for the prisoners of war. You can adopt a prisoner for 5/- a month. Sir Hugh Walpole, who is Chairman of the Committee, writes to me: "Money is coming in well and, at last, after a hiatus, the prisoners are getting the parcels again." Contributions (which must be money, and not goods) should be sent to the Treasurer, Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.

I DINED the other night with a remarkable young man who was, until recently, the owner and managing director of an engineering works. He was making munitions of various kinds at a great rate until recently, when he was suddenly told that his factory was in a danger area, and that he would get no more war contracts. He immediately closed down, and got a commission in the Air Force. A few days ago he was told that somebody had changed his mind, and that he would continue to get war contracts. And there he is, stuck at a desk in the Air Ministry, with the rank of Pilot Officer.

VERY few of the obituary notices of Sir Abe Bailey paid enough attention to his remarkable athletic achievements. At cricket he captained one of the South African Provinces in the Currie Cup; he was a first-class footballer, and an amateur champion boxer at two separate weights. "Auntie" *Times* slipped up a bit, however, when she said that Sir Abe brought over to this country the South African team of 1904 which invented the googly. The South African team of that year did not bowl the googly, nor did any South African invent it. It was, of course, Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet who invented it, and it was not until 1907 that the South Africans became famous with it.

THE little musical signal of the B.B.C. is a good deal better than the famous old ghost, who went clumping along in his gumboots. But some people are already objecting. One doctor, in fact, has even gone so far as to express the opinion that the new signal is "likely to induce nervous breakdowns." This is one of the most remarkable opinions I have ever come across.

THE gentleman who broadcasts in English from Bremen announced the other day that the owner of the *Manchester Guardian* had fled with his family to America, and had arrived in New York on the very day on which the *Guardian* was justifying Britain's claim to create a New Order in Europe. This is ingenious, but not entirely accurate. Actually, it was the London Editor of the *Guardian* who arrived in New York to "cover" the Presidential Election campaign for his paper. And such was his deplorable panic at the prospect of a German invasion that he is not only returning to this country very soon, but he left his family behind in London.

I THINK that there are few things which mark the terrible swiftness of time so emphatically as the release of eminent criminals from prison. It seems only yesterday that Mr. Leopold Harris, that distinguished operator with match-boxes and little strips of celluloid, was sentenced to fourteen years in prison. Even though Mr. Harris earned the full remission for good conduct, and an extra remission for helping the authorities to clear up certain other matters, it comes as a bit of a jolt to realise that seven years have passed since the great Fire Bug case. Those seven years have gone like a flash. But perhaps they went more slowly for Mr. Harris. It 's all the point of view.

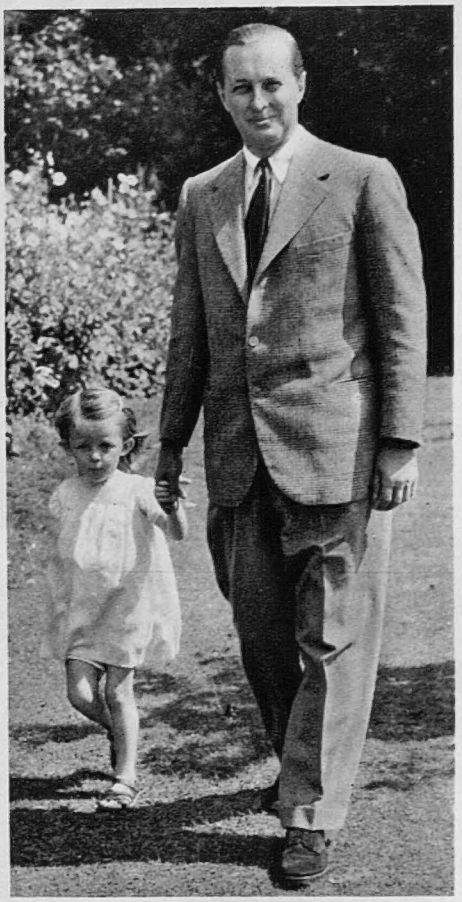
THE Ministry of Food is anxious for the mental welfare of those unhappy individuals (the word unhappy is my own and not the Ministry's) who keep pet dogs. The Ministry is afraid that its recent remarks on the subject of the feeding of these animals may have caused alarm and despondency among the citizenry. There is not the slightest danger, a chap at the Ministry was

***Salvage** has been placed by the Minister of Supply in the hands of his namesake, Mr. Robert Morrison, Labour M.P. for Tottenham, who has been appointed Chairman of the inter-departmental committee on this vital subject. Mr. Morrison is seen above amid a waste of paper, no longer to be wasted now that it has found its way to the Salvage Depot in his constituency, which months ago led the way in the Salvage Campaign that he is now to run*

telling me, that anything drastic will have to be done in the way of cutting off the little sweeties in the pride of their youth, for which I for one am heartily sorry.

THE Ministry is also concerned with the enormous plum crop this year. Apparently lots of people have more plums than they know what to do with. The answer is that they ought to get in touch with their nearest Food Officer, who will make all the arrangements for pulping, bottling, etc.

HALF the dramatic critics of London said that young Master George Cole stole the play from Mr. Leslie Banks in *Cottage to Let* at Wyndham's. The other half ascribed the theft of the play to Mr. Alastair Sim. Feeling slightly sceptical that anyone could steal a play from Mr. Leslie Banks, I went to see for myself, and, of course, the whole thing is nonsense. Mr. Banks, as ever, is delightful and dominating. But why did none of the critics rave about the performance of Miss Gillian Lind ? She gave a performance of the purest high comedy which was a perfect joy to watch, and I bitterly grudged the third act of the play, in which she hardly appeared at all.



***Biscuits** have provided the money for sixteen "Spitfires." Mr. W. Garfield Weston, millionaire head of Allied Bakeries, has given £100,000 to the Minister of Aircraft Production to replace the aircraft lost in the first of the mass raids on the British coast. Mr. Garfield Weston, who was returned unopposed as M.P. for Macclesfield last November, is a Canadian. In this picture he is with his daughter, Camilla, one of his eight children*

***Corn** is part of the contribution of our last-war Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, to success in this one. Always noted for his success as an agriculturist, he makes an expert personal inspection of the crop on his estate at Churt, where a bumper harvest is well in view. Reaping it is already under way, superintended by the farmer-Parliamentarian himself*

***Cover** is taken by Home Guard Sir Nevile Henderson, our former Ambassador in Berlin. Sir Nevile, since joining the Home Guard, has been attending a private tactical school where technical "tricks of the trade" to help the citizen army meet the threat of invasion are taught by experts who have seen service in the Great and the Spanish Civil wars. His companion on the prowl seems to have spotted the enemy*

Anthony

Tittle-Tattle: Pointing a Poster's Moral

It's hardly fair to Mrs. Ninnavey and Mrs. Merger to make them play propaganda in the careless talk campaign. Their railway-carriage gossip over surreptitious cigarettes and Empire port from a thermos belongs to the palmy days when any old lady could buy a ticket on the Orient Express and chatter all the way to Istanbul without a twinge of conscience. Played by Hermione Gingold and Hedley Briggs, they have their brief, eight-times-a-week existence in Orford St. John's witty sketch in *Swinging the Gate*. Nevertheless, like Fougasse posters in public places, and slogans—"Be like dad, keep mum," "Be as dumb as you look"—in public-houses, they do very well to remind us not to talk too much

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Margin for Error" (Apollo)

THIS "who-did-it" play is said on the programme to be based on fact. So, in a manner of speaking, is everything. Over and above which, it is true that at one time, shortly before the war, the German Consulate in New York was guarded by Jewish policemen. Whether anything else in *Margin for Error* ever really happened I can't say, but I guess not. Was a German Consul suddenly found dead in his chair? Did the search for a motive indicate everybody in the room equally damningly (you may be sure that for murdering any German in a play nobody could fail to have an excellent reason)? And was the whole affair privately and exhaustively investigated by one of the Jewish policemen on guard, until it was discovered that the Consul, meaning to poison somebody else, made a mistake and drank the poisoned cup himself? Which suggests that if as many Germans have seen *Hamlet* as report has it, not all of them have profited by the instruction.

THE Consul being a bad man, and a bad man making a good corpse, nobody worries over his fate. Otto B. Horst, the prospective American Führer, has no reason to love him. Baron von Alveston is in his clutches, having a flaw in his Aryan pedigree. Dr. Jennings is being bled by him to no purpose, the money handed over for the extrication of oppressed relatives from concentration camps finding its way into other channels. And Sophie, his wife—well, she isn't a German at all, and is only too eager to slip the present nuptial knot and tie a new one. There comes a time during the proceedings when, everybody having protested innocence, everybody starts claiming guilt—a change of front that has been met with in detective plays before. But the weakness of this play is in the characterisation, which hardly gets beyond the bare descriptions that might have been jotted down in the original manuscript. Horst, played by Dennis Arundell, is just a fool, and Alveston, played by Bruno Barnabe, is just a tool. Baumer, played by Edmund Willard, is just a villain, and Sophie, played by Margaretta Scott, is just Margaretta Scott, and would be just any actress engaged to play her

HARTLEY POWER, as the Jewish policeman, gives the best performance of the best part. If there is rather too much of him, that is not Mr. Power's fault. It is the fault of the authoress, Clare Boothe, who, thoroughgoing professional though she is, has a way of thumping the same note till we tire of it. The same fault appeared in *The Women*, also by Miss Boothe, which made a sensation, you may remember, about a year ago, and which, however divertingly, said the same thing over and over again. Half-way through, the donkey dies. But this does not mean that Miss Boothe is not better at flogging dead donkeys than most people. She is uncommonly good at it.

More people with motives: Tom Denny (Hugh McDermott) and Sophie Baumer (Margaretta Scott)

Sketches by Rowson

Murderee, three times over: Karl Baumer (Edmund Willard), with potential homicides Otto Horst (Dennis Arundell), Dr. Jennings (Brefni O'Rorke) and Baron von Alveston (Bruno Barnabe)

Officer "Mo" Finklestein on the trail (Hartley Power)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Ever since we were forbidden to ring the bells, I've had bats in the belfry"

ADMIRAL NOEL COWARD'S diplomatic mission to the United States remains something of a mystery, despite the questions and answers in the House the other day, and we don't think much of the suggestion of some cynical hack or other that the Admiral has gone over to confer on the British Government's behalf with Dame Shirley Temple over the Balkan crisis. Dame Temple is now (as our Film Critic, Mr. Campbell, has put it succinctly) a hag of eleven, and we learn from private New York advices that she intends devoting the evening of her days to economics, like so many other elderly and battered girls. This is not to say that Dame Temple takes no interest in the international situation. She merely prefers more serious things. Hence, having once given Admiral Coward a big hello and a roguey salute, she is likely (says our informant) to dismiss that bluff old seadog from her thoughts and concentrate on the Keynes Theory of Compulsory Saving. This may mean that the Admiral will ultimately have to request Dame Deanna Durbin, with Washington's approval, to sing and dance her views on the Bulgarian claim to the Dobrudja. Miss Durbin is a big serious girl now and has long since received her first film kiss, so this conference or audition should prove a vital one, and might even inspire another of those clever little plays of farmyard life.

Meanwhile the British Colony in Hollywood seems to be abandoning its cherished neutrality. One of its members recently (according to the Colonel of a Canadian regiment) called on the only unit in Vancouver which was not recruiting, demanded a commission forthwith, "and then headed South, keeping away from units which were looking for men." This shows a spirit of goodwill and co-operation in friendly neutrals which demands recognition. Our suggestion is that the entire British Colony be awarded honorary commissions in the Household Brigade, carrying no military obligations whatsoever except to look pretty swell and refrain from the Hollywood party custom of jumping into floodlit swimming-pools fully dressed until the other guests have sung (or swung) "Rule, Britannia" in close harmony.

Tie

AUNTIE "TIMES" went duly whimsy over the forthcoming Home Guards Tie, pointing out very truly that to select a stripe or colour-combination not already in use in these islands is a difficult matter. Distinctive, simple, dignified and cheap—these are Auntie's recommendations to the War Office Haberdashery Dept. (Bureau of Experiment and Research), and down our way we think the stiff-necked old besom should have gone a logical step further and ordered us blazers, flannels, and little striped caps, as worn during Test seasons by the British Lion for the purpose of doffing to the Australian Kangaroo with the remark, "Played, Sir!" This garb would enable us Home Guard chaps to take the field looking like gentlemen, whereas now many of us look, quite frankly, like cads—maybe this is why Mr. Churchill is kept away from our area so far by his advisers—Joe Potts of ours especially turning up night after night in the old moleskin pants in which he shot Mrs. Mangles's Rosie's brother-in-law one night a couple of years ago.

Flannels and blazers would naturally entail giving the entire hayseed female population picture hats to match, another popular move; not that any kind of hat yet devised by mortal brain could make much difference to the average girlish pan in our rural area, but picture hats make a good target for snap-shooting when time hangs heavy over the observation-post and rabbits are scarce. And finally, the whole ensemble would fool the enemy when he arrives. Parachutists would think they 'd come down in Lord's during the Eton-Harrow match, and while they were hastily composing their dress and features and smoothing down their hair we could be blowing them to blazes with languid amusement.

Idol

THE remarkable recent slump in Lindbergh stock in America seems to show that a national hero who has managed to remain the same small-town hick he was before he attained fame should be careful about advertising pro-Nazi enthusiasms in a world like the present one. The Colonel, Americans tell us who know him, has always been the slightest bit difficult, and more so since the Nazis took him up; nevertheless the fact that it is now possible to describe him publicly as a Fifth Column leader (Senator Pepper) without being torn in pieces by the populace is highly significant. Also, in its way, amusing. Some artist in satiric realism like Slogger Maugham could make admirable comedy out of the case of the national figure (imaginary) who is intensely unlikeable. The situation has happened more than once when such a national figure is a genius in the Arts (Racine, for example), and maybe the old unanswered question would pop up for discussion again—namely, whether a chap who is a pest in the home and a scourge outside it, but who produces works which will

glorify his race and stir mankind for ever to sublime emotions, is of more value to society, humanly speaking, than a worthy citizen and family man who practises all the virtues and lives and dies a nonentity. Perhaps the hero-artist type wouldn't purge the Island Race with pity and terror like a military or naval or political or cricket hero, covered with glory and honours and, maybe, beating his wife as a hobby or indulging in a little light forgery and blackmail. This theme would make a fine dramatic play which would be financially an inevitable and resounding flop, since the Race (whom God preserve) believes all its public heroes to be ipso facto immaculate and is content to leave cynicism to foreigners. (Compare those satiric comedies of Hollywood backstage life which have always failed in the West End. Compare also that brilliant American satire on Big Business, *Beggar on Horseback*, which did likewise.) For this reason we suggested Slogger Maugham, a master in such themes, who could afford to tackle such a subject for his own amusement, thumbing his nose meanwhile at the ham-faced populace, rather than some poor devil with his living still to make by the sweat of his brow. To such kindly unobtrusive impulses we owe our title of Protector of the Pores.

Cherryblossom

JAPANESE spy-mania is such an age-long commonplace, as many travellers know, that it 's difficult to understand why some of our Press boys have been demonstrating shocked surprise at recent goings-on. The more comic aspects of this mania were dealt with some time ago by M. Thomas Raucat in that delightful tale of modern Japan called *L'Honorable Partie de Campagne*. But many honest noggins seem still to be stuffed with japonaiserie derived from *The Mikado* and *The Geisha* and travel-books by British spinsters and clergymen generally called *Journeys Among the Gentle Japs*, one of which was a hot favourite of our own bright-eyed infancy. The remarkable sex-ideology of the Japanese never figures in these colourful but chaste pages, which are full of dear little quaint smiling bobbing figures waving fans and lanterns and chrysanthemums, so charming, so decorative, so polite, and, my dear, so exquisitely *clean*, almost like ourselves. (The spinsters and the clergymen apparently never peeped into a Japanese bath-house.) Nor does wholesale intensive spying pop into these gentle pages; still less the ruthless industrial-cum-sabre-rattling drive which was beginning to menace the West some time before the Russo-Japanese War. Nor do they linger over the interesting theory that the true Japanese of aristocratic feudal stock is not an Asiatic type at all but Oceanic, and possibly even American. Most of these points have been raised long ago by French travellers, who apart from the ass Loti have been realists to a man. It 's been just our national luck to view Japan through the rose-tinted pince-nez of Miss Pewslake and the Rev. Timothy Teatime, and we notice from a sad little poem in one of the dailies last week (" *Where have sped the magic flowers, Kisses, bows, and courtly smiles, Nursery dolls, humane Mikados, from those dreaming Eastern Isles?* ") that some of the boys and girls are still gnawing away at the old sugar-candy.

Probably it 's the smile that does it: that fixed smile of which the Japanese pan is never bereft, whether its owner is giving the foreigner a cup of tea or a smart kick in the pants, whether he 's inditing a secret report to the police or ceremonially slitting his slim brown torso in two rectangular lines after a smiling rebuke from H.Q. Which only shows something-or-other.

Oriflamme

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S adoption of the ancient Cross of Lorraine, gules on a field azure, for his fighting emblem has led some authorities to describe it as the flag of St. Joan of Arc, which is incorrect. St. Joan's battle-standard was a white and gold banneret with " Jhesu, Maria " embroidered on it. (We trust this little mise au point is not too beastly pedantic? You don't mind? Really?) So far as we can trust an ageing memory, being blowed if we 'll take the trouble to look it up, the Cross of Lorraine was the emblem of the Duke of that country. Anyhow, it 's a welcome if oblique reminder that France has miraculously cheated Death more than once in her long history, and if you 've ever had the remarkable experience of visiting Domrémy you will realise dimly why. The Cross of Lorraine is certainly more significant than some of those modern variations on the tricolour theme, which demonstrate (" Yah! Fascist! ") the decline in the world's æsthetic, historic, and imaginative sense during the last couple of centuries. Why on earth, for example, do the Poles and the Irish each fly a tricolour when they could fly the banner of John Sobieski and the Three Crowns of Thomond? What more civilised reply to the brutish challenge of swastikas and hammers and sickles? But no. One would think the majority of modern national flags were designed by one and the same neat, prim little egg-faced Civil Servant in a bowler-hat and rimless spectacles. The only one of them with any real background is the French Tricolour, which was fundamentally the colours of the Commune of 1789, derived from the blue standard of St. Martin of Tours, used by Clovis, and the red standard of St. Denis, used by the Capetians, the white being added by Lafayette to represent (they say) the Bourbon lilies, which later fell at Valmy. The Tricolour of France thus conveys something concrete and historic, like the three brass balls of Lombardy on the family flags of so many of our present peerage.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" It looks rather as if the Andersons have given up their car "

Films of the Day

The Beauties of Bigamy

By George Campbell

THERE is a belief amongst women that all men secretly yearn for a harem. They don't; anyway, not a harem all at once. To perceive the fallacy of this notion, you have only to see a new American comedy called *My Two Husbands*, one of those frothy trifles that Hollywood does adroitly enough without always convincing you that they are worth doing.

It tells, as you will have guessed, of the sensations of a respectable, in fact charming, young woman who finds that she has acquired a second husband without permanently losing the first. It could happen, of course, though this doesn't make the film exactly what Edwardian publishers used to call a slice of life. The first husband (Fred MacMurray) is cast away on a desert island; his wife (Jean Arthur) waits a few months and then, on the legal presumption that he is dead, marries Melvyn Douglas. Whether this is a good or a bad trade is something on which a man's opinion is as valuable as a woman's on Hedy Lamarr. ("I really can't understand what men see in that . . ."—etc., etc.)

Anyway, the point I started out to make is that in *My Two Husbands* the wife finds her predicament piquant and wholly delightful—and I am given to understand that this would be the attitude of the normal woman. To have, through no fault of her own, two handsome, romantic men competing for the right to keep her, outdoing each in compliments and generosity and attentions—this, judging by the reactions of Miss Arthur, is heaven. She walks around them with the smiling satisfaction and complacency of a cat eyeing a surplus saucer of milk. They make calf eyes, humbly plead their cause, smother her with kisses, show off ridiculously and, best of all, perhaps, quarrel with each other. Soon they will be fighting. With a secret smile of gratification she goes up to her room, puts on her most attractive négligée, and assumes a becoming attitude on the couch, waiting for the victor to rush in and claim his mate. As it happens, they never quite get to the point of blows, contenting themselves with alternate abuse and pleas to a hypothetical better nature. ("Fine pal you turned out to be, stealing my wife as soon as my back was turned." "Why don't you go back to your island? We were happy enough till you came busting in!" And so on, far into the night.) It can't go on indefinitely, of course. The law gets to hear of it, and the wife's mind is made up for her. But I repeat that, whatever his morals in other respects, no man would want to have two wives fighting over him in the same house. Infidelity is one thing, insanity another.

"JOHNNY APOLLO" takes us back to the good old gangster stuff, with just enough difference to get it by. The gangster isn't quite a gangster, but a racketeer, one of dem slick guys dat sports a Tuxedo, see, and until the prison break at the end, there is practically no rough stuff except, perhaps, a slight case of murder in a Turkish bath. In compiling the plot from the card-index, the scenario writers have tried so hard to keep the hero moderately sympathetic, and concentrated so earnestly on his attempts to help the dear old pater in Sing-Sing, and his gentlemanly resistance to the overtures of the racketeer's girl friend, that you never quite find out what he does for the large sums his boss gives him, or why a warder should tell his pater that he is de woist rat in de gang.

Nevertheless, this report upsets the old embezzler quite a lot. In fact, he disowns the boy until the time comes when he is in Sing-Sing too, and has to be restrained from leaving with the rest of the mob in a way that the warden wouldn't like—through the library, where gutted old volumes have new automatics hidden in them, and thence through the laundry to the waiting car outside. When they do get outside, the girl friend is waiting, and they all start again on a far, far better life than any they have led before. All, that is, except the Sydney Carton of the piece, the drunken lawyer who tried to save the young man and the girl. He was the fellow left in the Turkish bath with an ice-pick sticking in his heart.

The acting is uncommonly good all round. Edward Arnold plays the gaoled embezzler with fine restraint and none of what the trade so charmingly calls belly laughs; Charley Grapewin is superb as the mouthpiece, drunken but shrewd, sleeping amongst his books with Shakespeare and a whisky-and-milk to his hand; and Lloyd Nolan has no superior on the screen when it comes to laughing off a murder. Tyrone Power is the young man who temporarily goes wrong, and Dorothy Lamour, wearing more clothes than in all her other pictures put together, and showing less talent, is the girl who wants to live down crime and crooning. Henry Hathaway, who made *Souls at Sea* and *Bengal Lancer*, directed.

JAMES DUNN (remember him in *Bad Girl*?) used to have quite a following; and Jean Parker is pleasant enough, as ingénues go. They reappear, with an urchin called Martin Spellman, in *Son of the Navy*, one of the silliest, sickliest, noisiest, unfunniest chunks of celluloid I have ever gazed upon. I would not advise you to see it.

"Johnny Apollo" has teamed Tyrone Power and Dorothy Lamour for the first time, he as a banker's son who turns gangster after his father goes to jail for embezzlement, she as a star of underworld night-clubs. Charley Grapewin (right) gives a grand performance as an underworld lawyer. The embezzling banker is Edward Arnold; the director is Henry Hathaway. The film, reviewed here, went to the Odeon last week

Windmill A.R.P.

For half an hour a day, chorus girls, show girls, singers, comedians, and stagehands of the Windmill Theatre (non-stop revue, 9th year) go up on the roof and practise drill—with pumps, rifles, bandages. In charge of stirrup-pump practice is Charley Rose, composer and air-raid warden (left). George Matthews, Windmill fireman, instructs nozzle-holder Charmaine Innes. Watching her are Mary Irwin, Ray Johnson, Audrey Champion and Joan Jay. The bandagee in the background is soubrette Lesley Osmond. The men, who drill with dummy rifles made in the theatre workshop (most of them are waiting to be called up), are instructed by comedian Dick Montagu, who joined the Army in 1916, and stage manager Syd Brandon, another old soldier

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Arabian Diplomat: Sheikh Hafiz Wahba

The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, al Mamlaka al Arabiya as Sa'udiya, is the creation of its present King, Ibn Saud, who was one of the Arab leaders who worked with Britain in the last war for the freedom of Arabia. Now, with Italy trying to strengthen her hold on the opposite shore of the Red Sea, Saudi Arabia assumes a new strategic importance to Britain as a possible route to the dictator-sought oil-fields of Iraq, and as commanding our communications with the Far East. But King Ibn Saud has no delusions about the good faith of the self-appointed Italian "Sword of Islam," especially since the attack on Abyssinia, with which country Saudi Arabia was on the friendliest terms. He will remain the good friend of Britain, with whose help his kingdom was freed from foreign overlordship, and who recognised its independence in 1927. Since 1930, Saudi Arabia has been represented in London by one of King Ibn Saud's right-hand men. He is His Excellency Sheikh Hafiz Wahba, who was Counsellor to the King from 1920 to 1923, when he was Sultan of Nejd, the Central Arabian plateau which is now part of his kingdom. Before becoming first Minister at the Legation at 6, Eaton Gate, His Excellency, who was educated at Askar University and the College of Muslim Jurisprudence in Cairo, and was for a time in business, was for three years Governor of the Holy City of Mecca, and later Minister of Education and Assistant to the Viceroy of the Hejaz

Pictorial Press

British Diplomat: Sir Percy Loraine

An interesting appendage to Sir Nevile Henderson's reports to the Foreign Office on the last months of his Embassy in Germany, and his book, *Failure of a Mission*, will be the report now being prepared by Sir Percy Loraine on his experiences in Rome as British Ambassador up to the time that Italy declared war. Sir Percy, who has a reputation in the Foreign Office as a litterateur, will deal with a period of only a year, but that year one of continual diplomatic activity in a critical atmosphere, from the time when Italy was en fête to celebrate the victory of her troops in the Spanish "civil war," through continuous crises and attempts at appeasement of Mussolini by Britain, to the hooliganism of last spring and the final "stab in the back" which President Roosevelt so outspokenly condemned when our Ambassador was on his way home from another mission that had failed. Before his appointment to the Quirinal, Sir Percy, who in the course of a thirty-five-year diplomatic career has held posts from Paris to Peking, was for six years Ambassador to Turkey, and as such laid the foundations of the firm friendship which was sealed by his successor, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, with the signature of a Treaty of Mutual Assistance last October. He had been in Rome before, as Second Secretary in 1909

Star Faces

Of These Four Beauties, One Has Been Sent by Hollywood to the Canadian Wilds, One to a Comic Countryside, Two to the Texas Oilfields

Claudette Colbert, School-teacher

Myrna Loy, Uninterested Wife

***Myrna Loy** has made yet another film with William Powell as her husband. But this time there's no "Thin Man" about it. In "I Love You Again" they got married while he had amnesia, and when he recovers he doesn't know his wife. But she doesn't care, has a young boy-friend, Donald Douglas, whom she plans to marry—until the very end. This all runs along with slapstick comedy in a countryside setting, with Powell joining the Junior Rangers and hiding behind hedges. After making this film, estimated the funniest Powell-Loy picture yet, Miss Loy changed her screen mate. In "The Great Canadian" she is teamed with Clark Gable playing a hockey star. He is also the hero of "Boom Town" (see below)*

***Claudette Colbert** will soon be l of a man who loves all women until down to love and honour." Miss Co woman," and Clark Gable her Don J story is the oilfield drama, with fires spectacular scenes, directed by Jack Co Gable singing "Polly Wolly Doodle" more Colbert pictures are on the stoc woman journalist in love with an Am Spanish Civil War. In "Skylark" played on the New York stage, with M*

Madeleine Carroll, De Mille "Discovery"

Madeleine Carroll, *after tramping the desert in "Safari," visits the Canadian frontier in "North-West Frontier Police." When Cecil B. De Mille signed her for his Technicolor epic (said to be his biggest and best since "The Sign of the Cross"), he commented, "I consider Madeleine Carroll an entirely new discovery," and praised her "vital warmth" and "emotional response." She has Gary Cooper to respond to in this picture, whose cast also includes Paulette Goddard (as a "velvet savage"), Preston Foster and Robert Preston. It comes soon to the West End. Miss Carroll is now making "Virginia" with Fred MacMurray, and Paramount are planning a film for her based on her own adventures when she was in Europe this year*

e in "Boom Town"—"the story e finds the right woman and settles rt as a school-teacher is "the right n. More important than their love- d fights and tearing action in huge ay. Notable incident is apparently hile drilling for an oil-well. Two In "Arise, My Love" she's a ican soldier (Ray Milland) in the e takes the part Gertrude Lawrence yn Douglas as her opposite number

Hedy Lamarr *is the exotic foil for Claudette Colbert's simple schoolteacher in "Boom Town." Without having read the story, one can guess she makes trouble for some man : in this case it might be Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy or any of the "men who sucked wealth from the oily veins in the earth and spend that wealth with the same reckless abandon with which they sought it." Last time you saw Hedy she was also making trouble for Spencer Tracy—in "I Take This Woman," just generally released. After "Boom Town" it will be in "Ziegfeld Girl" or in "Come and Live With Me," in which she's a European refugee in America, co-starred with James Stewart*

Hedy Lamarr, Exotic in an Oilfield

The "Bystander" Visits a

Chinese Playwright

The Author of "Lady Precious Stream" at Home and as a Film Actor

Hsiung Shih-I, Dr. S. I. Hsiung as he is known in the West, comes of a wealthy Chinese merchant family. He was born in Nanchang in 1902, and, his father dying when he was three, was given a strictly classical Chinese education by his mother. But from his youth two things especially attracted him—the stage and the Western world. At seventeen he distinguished himself by making a Chinese translation of Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, which was later adopted by the Chinese Government as an official school text-book, and during the years before he came to England in 1934 a stream of translations followed, including works by Shaw, Shakespeare, Barrie and Hardy. He graduated from the National University at Peking and followed a mixed professorial and dramatic career, being in turn manager of the Chen Kwang theatre in Peking (now a Japanese-controlled cinema) and the Pantheon in Shanghai, and Professor at the Nanchang Agricultural College and Min-Kuo University. Coming to the West he put his translating skill into reverse and introduced English theatre audiences to the unfamiliar stage conventions of China in his version of *Lady Precious Stream*, one of the most popular of Chinese traditional plays. The popularity proved as translatable as the play, and helped by its "quaintness" to English ideas, *Lady Precious Stream* ran for over 800 performances in London, was produced also in New York, and has been retranslated into several European languages. Dr. Hsiung followed it with *The Western Chamber*, which has for its basis one of China's oldest theatrical favourites. His own play, *The Professor from Peking*, was produced at the Malvern Festival last year

Authorship *is a double process for Dr. Hsiung. First he writes his plays out in exquisite Chinese characters, then himself translates them into English on his typewriter, which he controls with a fine flamboyance. The new play on which he is working above has as its theme international understanding*

Daughter *Diana, eldest of a family of five, goes to Parliament Hill School, where she has shown herself a budding artist, besides winning many children's newspaper competitions in her spare time. Dr. Hsiung had to lay a restraining hand on her shoulder to keep her from bolting off from the cameraman on her way to school from the Hsiungs' St. Albans home*

Son *Daniel, aged eleven is among the three of the Hsiungs' five children who are spending the war in England with their parents. Keen interest is taken in the vegetable patch in their garden at St. Albans, where a fine showing of greenstuff promises ample supplies for the family commissariat*

Acting *was a boyhood ambition of Hsiung Shih-I, but apart from school plays he had to content himself with writing and producing until recently Bernard Shaw suggested that he take the part of Ling, the dock-worker who joins the Salvation Army in the film version of "Major Barbara," now being filmed at Denham*

En Famille, *the Hsiungs, surrounded by English and Chinese books, avidly pursue information and culture. Twelve-year-old David turns on the radio, brother Daniel makes marginal notes in his book, Dr. Hsiung keeps in touch by means of the evening paper, and his wife Dymia more traditionally smiles over a Chinese poem. She is herself a poetess in her native tongue*

Mother *holds baby, six-months-old Precious Stream*

Father *holds baby, named Pao Chuan (Precious Stream) after the play which made him famous in Europe and America*

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hey! Mind what yer doin'! That 's the second time you 've got me with that fifth column o' yours!"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Chinese Novel

By V. S. Pritchett

It is a pretty safe prophecy that, after this war, there will be no upper middle class in England; perhaps no middle class at all. The probability lends a special interest to a long Chinese novel, Lin Yutang's *Moment in Peking* (Heinemann; 15s.), which begins with the Boxer Rebellion, and ends with the refugees fleeing on the roads before the Japanese soldiers. Here a group of families, as financially, emotionally and politically cohesive and tenacious as any Forsytes, are seen tossing for forty years in a China of rebellions, coups d'état, revolutions, anarchy and war. The crisis which is striking every country in the world, which is affecting every family, seizes them more dramatically than, so far, it has done with ourselves. Mr. Lin Yutang is well known for books which have made China more comprehensible to us, and *Moment in Peking* was written in English, though it is said to be Chinese in form. This means that everything has gone into it; not only a fascinating group of characters, but politics, history, ideas, travel, discussions and explanations. One is reading a story, a travel book, a volume of reminiscences at once.

A thousand ages in our sight are but a "moment," apparently, in Peking. Lin Yutang's is a very long novel, like many others under which reviewers have groaned, and through which they have surreptitiously skipped, hoping to get away with it by uttering the lie "Epic," when they really mean "Telephone directory," or "Army and Navy Stores catalogue." *Moment in Peking* obtains, however, a just indulgence, because it has something to say, and is packed with character and events. It is the public and private history of a generation.

There are four main families: the Fengs, the Yaos, the Tsengs and the News, comfortably off middle-class people, the older generation already touched by the Western ideas which later are to explode among the young. The Boxer Rebellion is on, and the indolent and charming Mr. Yao, a Taoist, is packing his family into wagons to escape from the Boxer gangs. He is a fatalist of the amiable and placid kind. If the looters rob his house, well, nobody owns anything for long. One is a mere tenant of one's possessions "Luck" is not external; it is a capacity of one's character. The loss and kidnapping of his delightful daughter, Mulan, who is the book's heroine, put some strain on his philosophy. But Mulan, after extraordinary adventures on the roads and in the river boats, is at last found by the Tsengs. She evidently has a capacity for luck. Mannia, brought up in the less indulgent, indeed, the strictest Confucianism, is a Tseng daughter, and one of the early stories is that of her pathetic marriage to a dying bridegroom. Special virtue attaches to this act. The families cannot exactly urge her to this sacrifice, but they hope she may be able to rise to the privilege of such an act of self-abnegation. The courtship of Mannia is a gentle and delicate study in decorum, orthodoxy and melancholy.

Mulan's nature is less austere, more open to new ideas, but mature and stable. She is well educated. Married to a serious but nonchalant husband, she has a stoicism, tolerance and candour which enable her to be clever about her marriage, to survive when her child is shot down by Government troops and, when the Japanese destroy all, to join the common people on the roads. There, sharing the common suffering and hope, she finds an unexpected fulfilment of her spirit. She has gone through all the "movements," she has been rich, she has been independent, chosen her life; now, her life is chosen for her, and knowing that "luck" is a capacity, not a gift, she is serene.

The English reader may find this book shapeless and excessive in detail. But this detail is fascinating in itself. Lin Yutang's manner is always gentle, subtle and amusing. It has a friendly detachment. In a short space one cannot indicate anything but the outline of his theme; but here is a passage which will show how lightly he informs. He is describing the older generation of the post-revolution Chinese ruling class, who were as upsetting to the good old mandarin as to the idealist Lifu, who was imprisoned as a Communist agitator because he had written an essay on "the feelings of trees."

Look at their faces! Lumps of animal flesh upon which were stamped sensuality and greed, the drowsy eyes, the dolorous looks, the Japanese moustache trying vainly to make them look modern and dignified. Look at their feet; how those foreign shoes must have pinched them and made them limp rather than walk, uncomfortable but modern! They didn't know how to hold a modern cane and hung it from their fingers gingerly as if they were carrying home a string of fish and trying not to let the fish touch their silk gowns. . . . A war lord would appear in resplendent uniform to which he was unused, and then curse because he could not reach an itch on his upper arm.

An Australian correspondent is sore with me about some flippant remarks I made in reviewing Mr. Haskell's *Waltzing Matilda*, a spirited eulogy of their country. Dr. Thomas Wood, in *Cobbers Campaigning* (Cape; 5s.), a book mainly of Australian impressions, and especially about Australia and the war, behaves better than I did. The one question he says every Australian wanted to discuss with him, from Perth to Sydney, was, "What is wrong with Australia?"; and, as he says, he dare not be as ruthless as his hosts. The best thing for the outsider to do is to leave well alone and to tell what is right with Australia. Dr. Wood's one overt criticism was modest: "Don't ring-bark all your trees. Where you can, plant." (Brian Vrepont, the Australian poet, has written a poem on this theme called "The Miracle.") Dr. Wood's impressions have bite and vividness. He has every Englishman's admiration for that great country. And to judge by the excellent younger school of Australian novelists, the Australian scene sharpens the eye for the vivid and biting. Here is Dr. Wood swinging the camera over—

Bottle trees. Sand, scrub, limestone, mallee and a salt bush plain aching and pulsing and shimmering in the heat; a sun that strikes straight down. Night in the bush, the camp fire red . . . the surge and press and lowing of a mob of bullocks going by in swirls of dust that spurted up to make a cloud rolling to leeward, pierced through with tossing horns. Little lonely bush hotels that served hot meat in a room smelling of kerosene and tea-leaves; flies on the sugar, rubbed and faded oilcloth everlastingly, and a green pink-throated parrot wanting his head scratched. Rain that makes the iron roofs roar like drums. . . . Camels at a billabong and a sky of brass.

Dr. Wood's book is mainly about the Empire and the war. It has a lively Canadian section. Here is a public notice from British Columbia: "Stranger! You are now out West where Men draw from the hip and Women help them drink it."

***Presentation** of a new convertible operating-theatre ambulance, the first of its kind, has been made to the Women's Transport Service (F.A.N.Y.) by Mrs. Richard Tauber (Diana Napier), who raised the money to buy it among her friends. It is to be operated in conjunction with the Polish Army by Mrs. Tauber herself as a member of the F.A.N.Y., which the "Bystander" was guilty a fortnight ago of identifying with the Mechanised Transport Corps, an entirely different organisation*

Novels recommended:

Murder in the Submarine Zone. By Carter Dickson. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Masks and Faces. By Phyllis Bottome. (Faber; 8s. 6d.)

Another Little Drink. By Peter Cheyney. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The Stone of Chastity. By Margery Sharp. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

***Matron** and head of the Maple Leaf Club is Mrs. Murray, whose husband was heart specialist to the Canadian Army in the last war. She likes to book every man in herself each day, even when they are making a long stay, so as to hear their news and have a talk and a laugh*

***In the sick bay** Miss Dorothy Andrews is on duty all day, sleeps at the Club in case of emergency. Here she treats Sergeant Mace's cut thumb*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander" Goes Round the Canteens

Nos. 28 and 29.

The Maple Leaf Club and the Gordon Services Club

The Maple Leaf Club for Canadian soldiers is at Brabazon House, near Victoria, in a building formerly a girls' hostel, with accommodation for 100 beds, excellent dining-room, lounges, bath-rooms, and the most up-to-date cookers in the kitchen. Bed, breakfast and bath here cost 2/6 a time. Almost all the workers are voluntary, and almost all are Canadian born or have some particular connection with Canada. Many Canadian dishes are served — the popular apple-pie à la mode (apple, pastry and ice-cream), hot cakes with maple syrup, raisin pie and cheese, and Hamburgers, onions and chips, another favourite, which only costs 8d. for a big plateful

Round the corner from the Maple Leaf is the Gordon Services Club, run by the Canadian Red Cross, and open to all British troops. It opened two months ago, and already its fifty beds are too few for its popularity. Both these two clubs help each other out when one or other has an overflow of visitors

***The Gordon Services Club** provides breakfast, dinner and supper, for the second of which Miss Margerie Doutie is writing up the menu, and has fifty beds, a number which it is hoped soon to double*

***Laying the tables** at the Gordon Services Club is Miss Horsburgh. The Club is run and financed by the Canadian Red Cross, and is open to British troops from all over the world*

***Getting out tins** of sliced carrots from the storeroom is Mrs. J. E. Murray. She is another of the voluntary workers at the Gordon Services Club, which is housed in what used to be the Gordon Hospital*

In the store-room *Miss Ramsey-Duff, half Canadian, half Scottish, is in charge. The set lunch — meat and two veg., and sweet for 1/3, coffee with separate cream. 2d. — is served to an average of 150 men a day*

In the dining-room *is Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams, the portrait-painter, a Maple Leaf Club regular worker. She is an Academy exhibitor, has painted Queen Mary and the two Princesses within the last two years*

In the kitchen *are two paid cooks, Mrs. Blundell and Mrs. Ball (in the background). Helping salad is a voluntary worker, Miss Sheila McBarnet*

On the roof-garden *are usually a group of men in deck chairs. The space is small, but the staff have planted creepers and plants in tubs. Miss Jane McClaren, secretary of the Club, handing out magazines here, is one of the chief gardeners*

In the urn *is the famous Chase and Sanborn coffee which Canadians drink at home, and love to drink at the Club. Making it is Miss Faith Watson*

In the doorway *is a Scottish Canadian signing autograph books for some of the Maple Leaf Club's young neighbours in Moreton Street and Vauxhall Bridge Road. Many soldiers come to the Club for details about theatres, trains, tours of London, country trips, from the information bureau which is in charge of Mrs. Goodman and Mrs. Conn*

Designed for the Country

Fantastic hats have gone with the wind, and new models for the autumn are practical as well as becoming. If you are going to live in the country, or wear your tweeds in town, you should go to 172, New Bond Street, to see Henry Heath's collection. He varies the classic shapes that seem to suit everybody with individual detail, like the triple tucks across the plain felt hat above. This is one of their unspottable fur felts, which cost 24/- and stand any amount of hard wear. It can be copied in almost any colour to tone with your suit

In this autumn's search for practical clothes, a versatile coat is one of the first things to consider. For the many women now living in the country, a loosely fitting coat is perhaps the most useful, as it can be slipped on over a suit in really cold weather. The model on the left is a modified swagger, with all the freedom and none of the clumsiness of the type. It swings freely from the broad shoulder-line, emphasised by high revers, and is made in hard-wearing, colourful tweeds. This is one of the new models from "Nicoll Clothes," and is sold in good shops all over the country. If there is any difficulty in obtaining it, apply to 41, Warwick Street, W.1, for information

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Sec. Lieut. Watson and Miss Graevenitz

Sec. Lieut. William Robert Mackenzie Watson, R.A., and Irene Pamela Maureen Airth Graevenitz, younger daughter of Baron and Baroness Peter Graevenitz, of the Wolds, Virginia Water, Surrey, were married at Christ Church, Virginia Water. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hill Watson, of Grangehill, Beith, Ayrshire

Flt.-Lieut. Henry Victor Applin Mackinnon Raikes, M.P. for S.E. Essex since 1931, and Audrey Elizabeth Joyce Wilson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilson, of Repton, were married at Repton Church, and spent their honeymoon in London. He is the only son of Henry St. John Raikes, K.C., of Makeney Lodge, Derbyshire, and 10, Eccleston Square, S.W.1, and the late Mrs. Raikes

Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Raikes

Mr. Jardine and Miss Duckworth-King

Christopher Willoughby Jardine is the eldest son of Willoughby Jardine, K.C., and Mrs. Jardine, of 41, Sloane Gardens, S.W.1. Anne Duckworth-King is the elder daughter of Captain Sir George Duckworth-King, Bt., and Lady Duckworth-King, of 31, Eaton Place, S.W.1. They were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

John Eveleth Guest and Nadine Sonia Talbot Baines were married quietly at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. He is the only son of Professor and Mrs. James J. Guest, of Furzedown, Abbey Wood, Kent. She is the younger daughter of the late Captain Mathew Talbot Baines, and Mrs. Talbot Baines, of 61, Holland Park, W.8

Miss Talbot Baines and Mr. Guest

Mr. Lawrence and Miss Helena Lyttelton

Peter D. H. Lawrence, of Eton College, younger son of the late Aubrey T. Lawrence, K.C., and Mrs. Lawrence, of Lindsey House, Chelsea, and Helena Lyttelton, second daughter of the Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Lyttelton, of Warre House, Eton, and niece of Viscount Cobham, were married in Eton College Chapel

(Continued on page 254)

Women...

Actresses and Knitting-Needles

***Comfort knitters** from the stage meet two or three afternoons to click their needles and clack their tongues in company. Money for the wool comes from Freddy Carpenter's Comforts Fund for the Combined Forces, for which the girls in "Present Arms!" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, collected £25 last week. In the knitting-party pictures above are, at the top, Grace Draper, Rita Grant and Inga Anderson; and, below them, Phyllis Monckman, Phyllis Dare and Mrs. Freddy Carpenter*

***Refugees** from Jersey are the Hon. Mrs. Plunkett and her son, Michael, aged eleven, now in London, and photographed in Kensington Gardens. Michael Plunkett is the grandson of Lord Louth, holder of a 400-year-old Irish barony. His father is Lord Louth's heir. Mrs. Plunkett was Ethel Gallichen, of Jersey, before her marriage*

A Boy, a Parrot and a Wren

***Third Officer** Weymouth, of the W.R.N.S. was on leave (left) at her mother's Redhill home. With her is her two-year-old son, Michael, and a parrot she had bought for him about which he seems a little doubtful. His mother in private life is Mrs. Weymouth, wife of a sailor, Lieut.-Com. Nigel Weymouth, R.N., and daughter of a sailor, the late Vice-Admiral Lambert*

***Penny-caller** is Frances Day, who has been cajoling coppers out of pockets and into the War Comforts Fund since last autumn. She made her most recent appeal for her pet cause at the Odeon Cinema, Swiss Cottage. Miss Day goes into a new show in September, "Divorce for Christabel," which opens in Leeds*

Farm girl *for the duration is Prudence Wood, aged twenty-one, who up to last autumn was training to be an opera singer. She thinks her voluntary farm job "the most wonderful work in the world," but after the war she means to go back to music. Her horse is called Captain*

Milk girl *is Una Bradshaw, who now clatters round Gloucestershire lanes on a motor-bicycle with a side-car full of milk bottles. She was a dancer at the London Casino before she started her rural war work at Stoke Orchard Manor farm*

Architect *of the future is Jean McArthur, aged eighteen, who has just won an Architectural Association scholarship. Practical living-houses are her special love. Her home is at Guildford. Pictures of the Architectural Association School in its wartime home near Barnet were in the "Bystander" of August 7th*

Taster and cook *are the two top cabaret stars of the moment, Gabrielle Brune and Magda Kun. Miss Kun invited Miss Brune to lunch with her at the May Fair and received her guest in the kitchen, where she was busy cooking their meal. It is at the May Fair that Magda Kun sings at supper. Miss Brune is the girl who always goes everywhere on her bicycle*

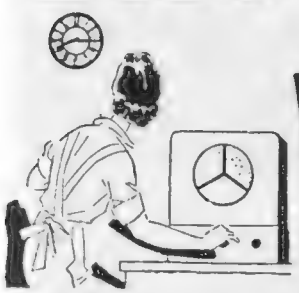
Mother, *father and godparents of baby Rachel Montgomery lined up for a photograph after she had been christened. Her mother is Jane Baxter, the film actress; her father is Captain Arthur Montgomery, R.A., London manager of the Royal Trust Company of Montreal. In the group are Captain Montgomery, Mrs. Ernest Montgomery, godmother, Jane Baxter, Mrs. Michael Redgrave, wife of the actor, godmother, and Lieut. Forde, godfather. The Montgomerys were married last September. Mrs. Montgomery's first husband, Clive Dunfee, the racing motorist, was killed at Brooklands in 1932*

"Northwest Passage": Spencer Tracy in the Backwoods of History

After a comparatively insignificant appearance in *I Take This Woman*, with Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy returns in all his glory in the film version of Kenneth Roberts's open-air adventure story, *Northwest Passage*, which comes to the Empire this week. Set in the period of the Seven Years' War, when French and Indians alike harassed the colonial settlers of New England, *Northwest Passage* deals with the exploits of "Rogers's Rangers," a band of irregular fighters. Tracy has the part of the commander of the Rangers, a brave adventurer who leads his band, including an expelled Harvard undergraduate with artistic aspirations (Robert Young) and his backwoodsman friend, Hunk (Walter Brennan), through swamp and wilderness to destroy a village of marauding Indians. The film, which is directed by King Vidor, covers only the first book of the novel and ends with Rogers setting out for the greater expedition, to discover the North-West passage that is a short cut to the wealth of the Indies

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 4



Are you collecting these useful advertisements? Many people are pinning them up in the kitchen.

"As a Lancashire man said, '*We've got through to the Final*'. We are good at finals. But mark this: we go into training for finals. We harden ourselves, and we discipline our lives. Only by fostering every ounce of our national resources — in our kitchens just as much as in our manufactures — can we field a team that will be unbeatable." LORD WOOLTON.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to Salt Runner Beans. While runner beans are plentiful, it is an excellent plan to put some down in salt for winter use.

Allow 1 lb. of salt to 3 lbs. of beans. Dry the salt and crush with rolling pin. Choose young, fresh beans. Wash, dry thoroughly and remove strings. If small, leave whole; otherwise break into two or three pieces. Put a layer of salt in a stoneware jar, then a layer of beans. Repeat, pressing beans down well. Finish with an ample layer of salt. Cover and leave for a few days when beans will have shrunk. Fill up with more beans and salt, cover tightly and store in a cool, dry place.

Before use, wash beans thoroughly in several waters, then soak in warm water for not more than 2 hours.

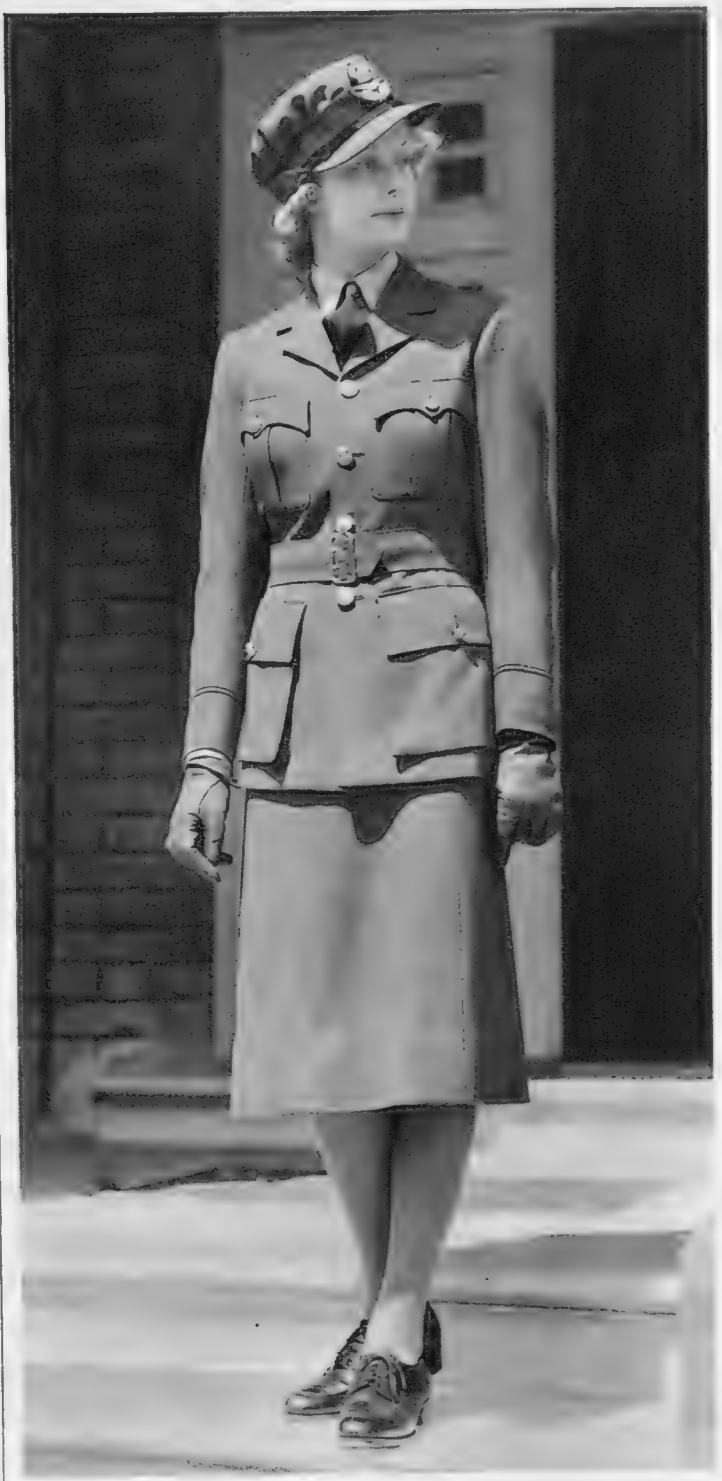
War-time Plum Jam. If you are making plum jam for eating during the next 3 or 4 months, try this economical recipe.

Grease your preserving pan with butter or margarine papers. Wash 6 lb. plums and cook very slowly with ½ pint of water until quite tender (about ¾ hour). Then add 4½ lbs. sugar and boil rapidly. It is a good plan to warm your sugar before adding. Test for setting point by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when pushed with the finger, the jam is ready. Pour into clean, hot jars.

Coffee for Breakfast. There are ample supplies of coffee in the country. Why not try it for breakfast? The rules for making it are simple.

Warm your earthenware jug and allow 2 heaped teaspoonsful of coffee for each cup. Be sure the kettle is boiling fast. Take the jug to the kettle and pour on the exact amount of water required. Stir, cover, allow to stand for 2 minutes, give another stir in a downward spiral to settle the grounds and leave for two more minutes before pouring into the cups. *Do you listen to the useful food hints on the wireless every morning at* 8.15?

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1



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The best air-blue Barathea cloth, the finest craftsmanship in tailoring, a reputation that is paid tribute to by the three Services—these are the combined factors that make Burberry W.A.A.F. Uniforms patterns of dignity and "endurability."

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BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, LONDON S.W.1

Basingstoke and 8 Union Street, Aldershot.

Getting Married: (Continued from page 249)

Nunes — Falkner

Sec. Lt. Humphrey Nunes, R.A., of Weston Turville, near Aylesbury, Bucks., son of the late Anthony Nunes, and Jacqueline Flavia Falkner, daughter of Pilot Officer R. J. V. Falkner, M.C., and Mrs. Eduard Goold, of Four Winds, Great Missenden, Bucks., were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Price — Holland

John Willis Price, only son of Canon and Mrs. J. Willis Price, of Croughton Rectory, Brackley, Northants, and Frances Holland, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Wilfred Holland, of Sandells House, West Amesbury, Wilts., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Dendy — Marshall

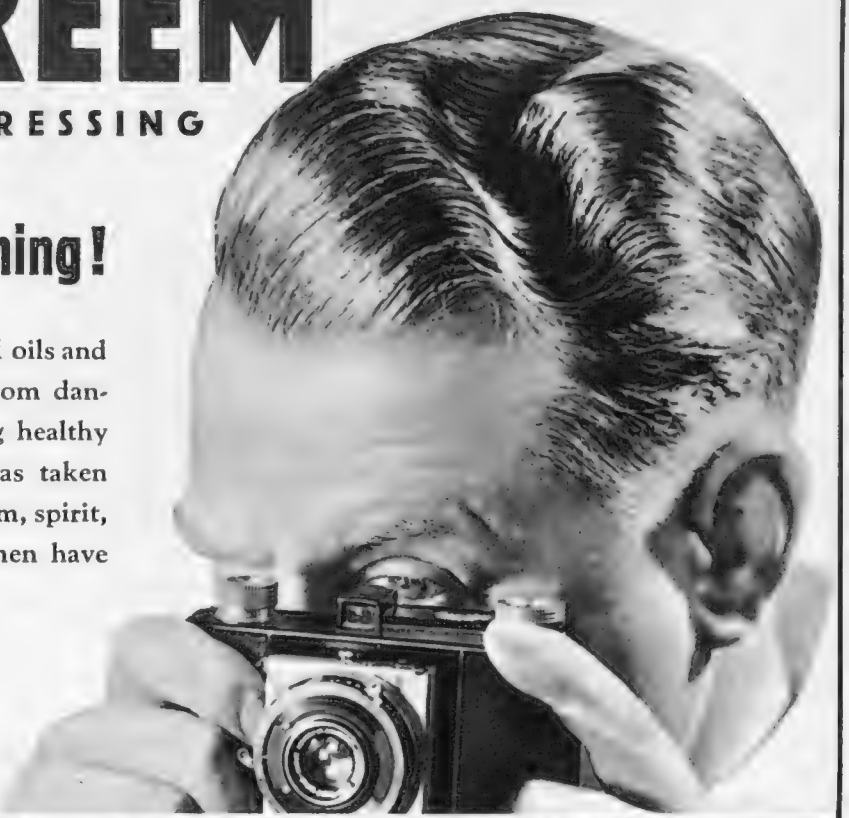
Flight-Lieut. John Dendy, R.A.F., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter F. Dendy, of Colwall, Herefordshire, and Alison Marshall, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Marshall, of 6, Stafford Terrace, W.8, were married at Christ Church, Victoria Road

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

Grooms without Gumming!

When you use BRYLCREEM, its pure natural oils and tonic ingredients keep the hair free from dandruff and tone up the scalp, stimulating healthy lustrous hair. That's why BRYLCREEM has taken the place of hair dressings containing gum, spirit, soap and starch — and why so many men have taken to BRYLCREEM.



In handy Jars, Bottles & Tubes 1/-

Larger bottles, 1/6, 1/9, 2/6

County Perfumery Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10

NO GUM • NO SOAP • NO SPIRIT • NO STARCH

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Getting Married : *(continued)*

Houlding — Welstead

Flying-Officer R. Neville Houlding, R.A.F.V.R. son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Houlding, of Adam's House, Rickmansworth, Herts., and Jean Welstead, daughter of Mrs. Jameson, of Dane's Court, Northwood, Middlesex, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

George — Atkinson

Frederick William George, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. W. George, of Bristol, and Diana Winifred, daughter of G. H. Atkinson, of the Old Toll House, Binfield, Berkshire, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Mason — Phillips

Sec. Lt. John L. Mason, the Rifle Brigade, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Mason, of London, and Mary Phillips, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Phillips, of the Limes, Kemble, Glos., were married at All Saints', Kemble

(Concluded on page 256)

Save your empty tins and boxes and hand them to your Tobacconist

STATE EXPRESS 555

As smoked by those who prefer Quality

Men in the higher ranks of life, in the Services and in private life, prefer really fine cigarettes to a few more of an ordinary brand. They smoke 555's because they have proved for themselves that no finer cigarette is obtainable.

THE BEST CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD

MORNINGS WHEN YOU WAKE UP TIRED

These days when you wake up tired, when you feel your sleep has done more harm than good, here 's a certain way to feel refreshed and alert in a few minutes.

It 's all proof you 're suffering from what doctors call an " acid condition." You 've worked too much or smoked too much or had something to upset your system, and it 's no good taking anything just to relieve your head, unless you remove the cause at the same time.

To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that 's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you 've got to counteract that acidity, and ' Bromo-Seltzer ' is the way to do it.

A sparkling, refreshing glass of ' Bromo-Seltzer ' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds, and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember, ' Bromo-Seltzer ' contains no aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effect. It 's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a 1/3 bottle of ' Bromo-Seltzer ' from Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, Heppell's, or any chemist to-day. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

A TAKE-TO-PIECES MODEL of R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

THERE are few things more intriguing and instructive than these "movable deck" models of R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY." Deck by deck the ship's wonderful interior may be examined. Correct and to scale, all decks are numbered, and details can be identified easily by reference to a guide supplied. The model is 12 inches long, price 3/6, postage and packing inland 9d. extra. Abroad 2/6 extra.

Orders with remittance should be sent to

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THE BEST products are sold by NAME

comfort & smartness VANTELLA Shirts VAN HEUSEN regd. Collars

The first and only ready-made skirt with graduated knife edge pleats ALL ROUND that taper off into a snug-fitting hip line — pleats that do not gape but remain in as long as the skirt is worn. A skirt for formal wear and for everyday wear . . ideal with a contrasting jacket . . . that looks equally well with blouse or jumper. Wartime economy suggests a "Koneray" for your wardrobe. Available in Worsteds, Tweeds, Checks, Authentic Tartans, Pure Irish Linen, All Wool Flannels, All Wool Cream Serge, at all good drapers and stores. From 30/-.

Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ
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"KONERAY"

KORAY

"Koneray"
PATENT PENDING
PLEATED SKIRTS

Getting Married: *(Continued)*

Hookham — Sim

Officer-Cadet Felix E. F. Hookham and Idell Margaret Sim, younger daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. G. E. H. Sim, of 85, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the son of F. J. Hookham, of Shanghai, and Mrs. Hookham, of 69, Egerton Gardens, S.W.3, and brother of Margot Fonteyn, the Sadler's Wells ballerina

Nicolls — Aston

Sub.-Lt. P. E. Nicolls, R.N., is the son of Major and Mrs. D. C. C. Nicolls, of Sevenoaks, Kent. Isolde Beryl Aston is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. R. G. Aston, of Lindale, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth. They were married at St. Augustine's, Bournemouth

Edge — Hay

Flying Officer Alexander R. Edge, R.A.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Edge, of Grange-over-Sands, and Margaret Arbuthnott Hay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hay, of Camptoun House, Drem, East Lothian, were married at Holy Trinity, East Lothian

Badge Brooches

The LARGEST STOCK and FINEST BADGES in LONDON!

All Corps and most Regimental badges, as above, in 9 ct. Gold, hand-enamelled **30/-**

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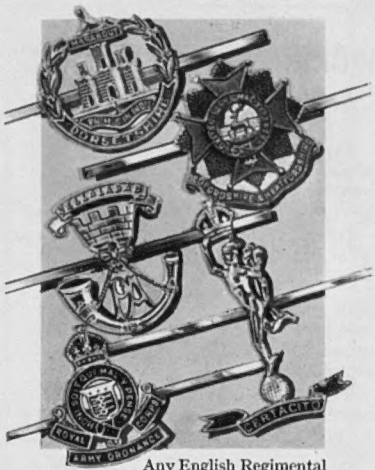

Any English Regimental badge, as above, in 9 ct. Gold, hand-enamelled - **50/-**

Also in 14 ct. Gold, hand-enamelled **£3-17-6.** Some Scottish and Welsh badges are a little more expensive.

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Women's Golf

Where? By Eleanor E. Helme

"SATIABLE curiosity" in these days is not the prerogative of the Elephant's Child. We all want to know so much more than we are told. For instance, the oft-recurring statement "One bomb fell on a golf course," fills us with desire to know what golf course, and, more than that, what hole of that golf course, and even then we should not be satisfied, for nothing less than the exact position where that bomb fell would really tell us whether the hole's playing properties would be improved or not by this sudden appearance of a new and yawning hazard.

This I do know, that quite a number of holes of my acquaintance would be materially improved by such a little present from Hitler. I have not seen a bomb-crater yet myself, but I imagine that, given time, and the softening growth of little wild flowers, which have such a way of hiding up man's devastation, a crater will look very much like those Roman stables into which you descend now and again at Walton Heath. I have never been quite sure how much historical foundation there is for the title, or whether it is no more authentic than "Soup Kitchen," as some members call them. But it is a picturesque thought.

HOWEVER, leaving bomb-holes alone, there are various other things which this Elephant's Child wants to know. What, for example, about that lesson from Henry Cotton which Miss Enid Wilson won with a lucky draw-ticket at Roehampton? She did not own up in time for the instruction to take place then and there, she (and a good many others) being too tickled at the idea for anybody to get down to the job. And now Cotton can write R.A.F. after his name, and it may have been that Miss Wilson had to write "too late" after hers, and that she will have tackled the exhibition match with Miss Pam Barton at Fulwell, in aid of the *Daily Sketch* War Relief Fund, by the light of her knowledge alone, and with such strange new muscles as digging for victory in her father's garden may have produced. Having myself done more digging than swinging, I cannot pronounce an opinion on the possible result. I know that practice with a communal stirrup-pump has been remarkably good for the cabbages, but that maybe is not quite the same argument.

Miss Sheila Stroyan, the present Girl Champion, though qualification for that event is no longer hers, is up in Scotland, wholly immersed in V.A.D. work, and without a thought of golf. But what all the Girls are thinking about is "What is the news of Lally Vagliano (now married), of Sonia, of Jacqueline Carpentier?" And the older generation asks, with equal anxiety: "What of Mme. Vagliano and Mme. Lacoste; and Mme. Straus, who seems to have been Aline de Gunzbourg so short a time ago? And, further back still, Mme. de la Chaume, otherwise Manette Le Blan?"

Nearer home, the chief personal news seems to be that Miss Doris Chambers and Miss Julia Hill, both F.A.N.Y.s, are together, driving American ambulances, somewhere in the Midlands. Mrs. S. V. Hicks is also driving—Fire Service high officials—and steadily keeping to statutory hours, although her work has now to be given on a voluntary basis. Transport to headquarters is in the form of a push-bike, gent's 1940 model; while husband is a noble defender and crack shot in the Home Guard.

"Bystander" Monthly Spoon Competition

IN accordance with the present wartime arrangement to award spoons every month in proportion to the number of cards received in each division, the following are awarded for July—

Silver Division (Handicaps 18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes Above or Below S.S.
Miss J. Timperley	Ringway ..	87	18	69	74	5 below

Bronze Division (Handicaps 19 to 36)

Mrs. Kelly ..	West Middlesex ..	94	30	64	73	9 below
Miss P. M. Gardner	Ashford Manor ..	106	35	71	76	5 ,,

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON AUGUST

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

Resoluteness

What better symbol of cheery tenacity than the British sailor? A friendly reminder of that "National" Cigarette which, through the pleasure and contentment it brings to thousands is helping in some measure to keep strong that national asset, resolution. Now as always, Player's Navy Cut stand supreme for dependable quality.

KEEP THAT HAPPY EXPRESSION

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS · 10 for 9d. · 20 for 1/5½

N.C.C.532E

Sensible, informative reading for Sensible people . . .

Here is an extract from a story of an old Commander and a battered ship. He refused to be left out of the War.

"A Gift to the Nation"

By R. H. Watkins.

On the filmy edge of the fog was the submarine, black with menace, a steel thing devoid of human life. It was swinging fast. And instantly Mr. Hall got it. She was swinging to get a tube lined up on the big cargo liner already turning astern of the *St. Nicholas*. In a few moments that convoyed ship would be presenting her whole starboard side to the submarine's torpedo.

Commander Billingsby was coughing and fighting for breath.

"Ram! Ram that guy!" Mr. Hall cried. He jabbed his hand towards the sub and pinned the Cockney helmsman with his eye. "Right! Hard right! Ram that swab!"

The quartermaster gulped for air and started to spin the wheel.

"There 's a chance to get him," Hall said softly. His jaw was hard. His eyes stuck out as he stared at the sub a hundred yards ahead. "Swing her!"

The old man spoke.

His voice was thin but it cut through the air much as the destroyer had slashed through the seas.

"Steady!" he commanded. "Steady as she is!"

"Steady as she is, sir!" the quartermaster repeated shrilly. He halted her slowly-turning bow.

"But——"

The thin voice silenced Mr. Hall's agonised protest. "Not enough way, Mr. Hall. We couldn't get there. But——"

The old man lifted his thin hand to indicate the big, laden freighter and then his own sorry old craft, crawling slowly in between the submarine and that huge, easy victim.

"She makes a good screen, this ship," the old man said and his eyes turned back to the periscope. Already a destroyer was poking her sharp nose through the fog ahead of them. "A good screen, Mr. Hall—and small gift—to the nation."

His war-trained eyes must have seen something about that submarine that Mr. Hall missed, for suddenly his voice quickened: "Get the men out of the engine-room! All hands on deck!"

"All hands on deck!" bellowed Mr. Hall and dived for the engine-room speaking-tube.

He was still shouting down the tube in the wheelhouse when it happened. His eyes, turned towards the bridge, first saw Commander Billingsby's thin white hands suddenly leave the bridge rail and dart to his sides, fingers at the seams of his trousers. The small figure became stiff. Then something, sound overpowering his ears or a blast of air as solid as water, smashed down on Mr. Hall. The torpedo had hit.

When he could struggle again he managed to slide out from under a flattened section . . .

You will enjoy the whole of this story of adventure and patriotism.

From "AFTER THE WAR"

By C. Patrick Thompson

Move the eye from the current war production picture, patterned around the machine tool, to the post-war world of some distant to-morrow, and the first thing one sees is a world population capable of production beyond anything we have known so far.

The production problem, which has worried men through the centuries and the ages, is solved. In to-morrow's world we have to find the solution for distribution. Inability to solve that problem so far is the root cause of most of our troubles, from slumps and political upheavals, to Nazi-ism and the new war. It will be solved to-morrow by the creation of larger economic groupings among the nations, and, probably, considerable migratory movements.

Everything we use, wear and eat is likely to be cheaper: that is to say, people who work will get more in exchange for their toil and service of the things they want for daily living. And life will be very different; and people will not even look the same.

I made a note on that prospect a year ago, lunching with a chemical engineer in New York. He had brought along a pretty girl whom he introduced as his "laboratory mannequin." He headed a branch of the research side of a great chemical combine. In that restaurant, which was packed with women looking like fashion plates, the girl could have taken first prize for elegance. She was a vogue poem in yellow and lilac. And she was clothed completely in chemicals . . .

A very informative article in the August issue.

These too are in the AUGUST ISSUE . . .

SALUTE TO ENGLAND. By Negley Farson. From an American who took part in Britain's war, 1914-1918.

EXPORT TRADE. By Captain Frank H. Shaw. Britain's wealth streams out to all the world—submarines or not.

BOMBER ATTACK. Captain H. C. Biard puts on record the technique of the German Air Force in their drive to the Sea.

COMPLETE HOME SECTION

YOUR CHILDREN ON RATIONS
A study of food values may prove to be a good thing for the next generation.

THE HOUSE, THE INTERIOR, THE ACCESSORIES. Some interesting facts about furniture and decoration.

WHITE ELEPHANTS WITH ROSY FUTURES. Miss Winifred Lewis tells you how those pieces of Furniture left over from another Era can be utilised in many ways with little expense.

DOMESTIC ISLET
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